

# Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park

## Those Winter Sundays

Sundays too my father got up early  
And put his clothes on in the blueblack cold,  
then with cracked hands that ached  
from labor in the weekday weather made  
banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.

I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking.  
When the rooms were warm, he'd call,  
and slowly I would rise and dress,  
fearing the chronic angers of that house

Speaking indifferently to him,  
who had driven out the cold  
and polished my good shoes as well.  
What did I know, what did I know  
of love's austere and lonely offices?

*Robert Hayden*

*Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park, a poetry walk, is sponsored by the Friends of the Takoma Park Maryland Library with generous help from the School of Art and Design at Montgomery College; Columbia Union College; and the Takoma Park Department of Public Works. For more information go to [www.FTPML.org](http://www.FTPML.org).*

*Laura Gardner, designer*